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Title: The path of compassion.

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What I am talking about  
here, its not really a  
path ; rather an  
imaginative way to absolve  
the ultimate doubt. I  
shant look greater than I  
am. Greater ? In what  
way greater ? As in

more ? I don't think so...  
For this time I lie in the  
most abject position, I  
have caught myself in my  
own illusion and it  
happened again, and again  
and evenmore.

Does this sound  
improbable, conjecturable,  
absolvable or ineffable ? I  
hope it does, because if  
you have the courage to  
flip those pages, you will  
see beyond what you even  
tought was imaginable. Oh  
of course I am not  
saying I know it all,  
because I lie in a very,  
very akward position right  
now ; and I deserve it so  
awkwardly,,, I have  
enjoyed a unique kind of  
fun, yes I have, but not  
in the way most humans  
or elves would think of  
hand. I have been an evil  
man, but purely in spirit  
in the universe of  
Sosaria, which I have  
often dreamed of at  
night, I realised I was  
somehow linked to it  
from another plane of  
existence which I hold  
most dear, the earth  
plane. But here, right  
here we are made of  
photons, who tought that

by the simple act of  
being we would seek  
pleasure through a medium  
that seems so static and  
lifeless, is love that  
strong ? I am inclined to  
answer by a prerogative,  
not everything is as  
"acceptably correct" as it  
might seem, and people  
will fight for this so  
strongly, that statut quo.  
Oh it's so dear, what a  
sight to have so many  
people addicted to one  
giant flow, one giant  
spiderweb. My vision  
does not target you. To  
be more concise dear  
sosarians : I would say  
that this is a time of  
great rehearsal and  
forbidden unions. Where  
water goes mind goes and  
where mind goes life soon  
follows. Am I going to  
fast ? or is it  
sustainable ; recursive ? I  
lie on this floor, having  
been pierced in the  
shoulder by a 3 feet long  
black arrow from a  
shadowlord which I  
realised a bit too late  
were a creation of my  
own mind. Now well, I find  
myself pinned to the wall  
of a tower which was  
built by a man I  
seemingly should have  
known but my obvious  
stupidity forbade this  
grandiose happening. Do I  
seem cold, cynic and  
creepy ? Thats rather  
how I am right now. But  
this feeling also reminds  
me of the first time  
love ceased to have an  
intimate control of all  
things, the first time  
where a lie was told. The  
actual events are  
irrelevant to your purpose  
here, Avatar. Depending  
of how conscious you are  
of it, you are here living  
as a photonic being which

takes root in the physical human body ; I lighten the tone right away and must say that realising this is probably the root of humour, parlour and glamour. Once again to remain dynamic I will try not to dwell too much on archetypes and arkidents. So, a photonic being is made of light particles that seemingly coagulate to each other with the power of love, they exist on a slightly higher plane of existance that most would call the 6th dimation. It would seem that alot have happened since then, but also that there is somethings yet to happen, but that there also are things which never happened and seemingly should have. I will not delve into quantum mechanics in this essay but I am trying to point very key concepts here in understanding what is the right thing to do. Keep in mind that the precession of the ages is not something square and crystal clear, it rather obeys the laws of holographic winds which push and pull the photon barrier towards our solar system which deflects it like a super strong bubble of unreal, when it is submerged our water is responding to your 6th dimation identity, which is also the lucid dreaming body (where the characters in your dreams have freedom) what you do there will be strongly affected by your earth life on the same day, this is natural and